

THE
GOLDEN PIPPIN.

AN
ENGLISH BURLETTA,
IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By the AUTHOR of MIDAS.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON,
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MDCCLXXVII.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is but Justice to the absent Author to declare, in contradiction to many idle Reports, and injurious Paragraphs, that in this Piece, as in his former, he only proposed an innocent Burlesque; never thinking Ribaldry, Profaneness, or Personal Satire, a proper Entertainment for the Public, to whose experienced Candour and Indulgence he submits the following BURLETTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Jupiter,
Mercury,
Mornus,
Paris,

Mr. REINHOLD.
Mr. MAHON.
Mr. QUICK.
Mr. MATTOCKS.

W O M E N.

Juno,
Pallas,
Venus,
Iris,

Miss CATLEY.
Miss DAYES.
Miss BROWN.
Miss VALOIS.

T H E

T H E

GOLDEN PIPPIN.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The Curtain rising, discovers a Splendid Pavilion in the Clouds; JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS at a Card-Table, playing at Tredrille; on one Side a Table, with Goblets, &c. IRIS, in waiting. During a Symphony, VENUS shuffles and deals. PALLAS frets at her bad Cards.

A I R. T R I O. Francesco.

PALLAS, JUNO, VENUS.

	PALLAS.
	<i>I Pass—I've done so all the night.</i>
Juno.	<i>I take a King,</i>
	<i>I take a King.</i>
Ven.	<i>Pray, Ladies, stay.</i>
	<i>Pray, Ladies, stay.—I'll play alone.</i>
	B
	Juno.

2 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Juno. } *Again?—Bless me—again!*
 Pal. } *Again!*
 Ven. } *Di'monds are Trumps.*
 Pal. } *Bless me! again?*
 Juno. } (to Venus) *You scarcely pass one hand*
 } *in ten.*
 Pal. } (peevishly) *The Cards owe me a spite.*
 } (to Venus) *This Lady knows you;—so*
 do I.
 You dealt the Cards—and we
 could spy.
 Ven. (throws down her game) *The Vol is won.*
 The Vol is won—with Matadors.
 Pal. *Spadille at bottom—O fie!*
 Ven. } *With Matadors.*
 Juno. } (to Pallas) *Such hints are shocking, Mâm.*
 Pal. *Cheats are provoking, Mâm.*
 Ven. } *Lord, such a rout!*
 Pal. } *Cheats are provoking, Mâm.*
 Ven. } *Lord, such a rout!*
 Juno. } (to Pallas) *Quite shocking—O fie!*
 Pal. } *Cheats are provoking—O fie!*
 Ven. } *But losers must have leave to pout.*
 Pal. } *Cheats are provoking, Mâm.*
 Ven. } *But losers must ha' leave to pout.*
 Juno. } (to Pallas) *Such terms are shocking, Mâm.*
 Ven. } *But losers, &c.*
 Pal. } *Cheats are, &c.* } *O fie!*
 Juno. } *Such terms, &c.*

(Juno and Pallas rise in heat, and come forward. Venus sits still, counting and pocketing her gains.)

R E C I-

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 3

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (*mistily*) Hang cards !

Juno. You're out o' luck !

Pal. As I'm a sinner !

I haven't—since last Christmas—ris'n a winner.

Juno. That's hard !—So bad a run may well
chagrin one,

Venus is quite a dab.

Pal. Dab !—She's—a keen one ;

At all games—plays th' whole game.

Juno. Aye, aye !

Pal. Match none has !

For sleight of hand,—will flip an ace—with *Jonas*.

Juno. Gambles deep too !

Pal. Well may—who never loses :

At Putt, poor girls !—sh'as beggar'd the Nine
Muses ;

Fine as a Queen o' ginger-bread—parades it ;

But ne'er has paid the wages of her maids yet.

Juno. (*laughing*) Like enough—for the Graces,
—and 'tis scandalous,

Go mother-naked.

Pal. (*with spleen*) Skin-flint !—so to randle us !
'Twould vex a faint.——

4 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

A I R II. Dooralin.

*A thriving trade
The nimming jade
Has pick'd up, here, of chousing us;
With fly flim-flams,
And palming sbams,
At Brothel learnt, or Bouzing-house!
[Turning to Ven. insolently.]
You must purloin,
In duds to shine
So dizen'd—there's no boa wi' you;
But the next coin
You nab of mine,
By Pam! I'll pluck a crow wi' you.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Juno. (in disapprobation) Nay,—Pallas!
[Venus advances to them, smiling jocosely at Pallas.]
Ven. (in banter) Mifs,—you're—funny.
Poor dear! has't lost it' temper with it' money?
ha! ha! ha!
Pal. (exasperated) Pert chitty face! 'cause leud
fops call you—pretty;
You fancy those—patch-clenches—smart—and
witty.
Ven. (gibing) Pretty!—the fools!—do they,
indeed?—Ah, tell us.
Pal. (contemptuously) Conceited moppet!
Ven. (waggishly) Sure, Mifs,—you a'n't jealous.
[Takes out a pocket-glass, and views herself
affectedly.]*

A I R

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

5

AIR III. Laschi and Galluppi.

*If I have some—little—beauty—
 Can I help it?—No, not I;—
 Some good luck too—'tis my duty
 Gifts so precious to apply.
 Nature—Fortune—gave 'em freely;
 And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.
 If the smarts of the sky,
 Cringe, ogle, and sigh,
 Whene'er I pass by;
 And cry,
 Looky there!
 What an air!
 Gods, how fair!
 Pray, why
 (To feed your starch'd pride)
 Must I go and bide,
 'Till you're made a bride?
 Who, I?
 No, no—if I do, may I die.*

REC I.

6 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (incensed) Don't rouze me, Bold-face!—If
your tongue's so flippant,
I'll take y' a chuck—as shall chop off the tip on't.

[*Pallas advances upon her; she takes
shelter behind Juno.*]

Ven. (in fear, screaming) I'll swear the peace;—
keep at arms-length, Virago!

(*To Juno, whimpering*)
She'll brain me, Mâm!

Pal. (in spiteful rage)—Well, had I don't long
ago.

Ven. (still whimpering) Your tongue's no slan-
der—for that, not a button
Care I;—but I can't stand your fist o' mutton.

Juno. (aside, chuckling) Nuts to me, this—I
hope, 'twill be a scuffle;
(*to them*)

My stars! what was't cou'd thus your tempers
ruffle?

Pal. Her gibes.

Ven. Her rants.

Pal. Don't snouch then!

Ven. Don't you hector!

Juno. (taking each by the hand)

Faults on both sides—sit down—come, I'll
direct here.

And *Iris*!—stir, wench!—fill about the nectar.

Pal. Venus—your quips would Patient Grisel
canker;

Howe'er, shake hands!

Ven. (giving her hand) Here, Miss, I bear no
rancour.

A I R

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 7

AIR IV. Touch the Thing, you Bastard.

(All sit, and *Iris* serves them with Goblets on a Tray.)

Juno (sings). *When bickrings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at Gamiorum;
The flame to cool,
My golden Rule
Is—Push about the Forum.*

*With fist on jug,
Coifs who can lug?
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.*

(They all drink.)

(Exeunt, merrily singing in Chorus)

*The Golden Rule
Is—Push about the Forum.*

[Scene closes.]

SCENE

8 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

SCENE *changes to a Wood.*

*Enter Momus, in the habit of the Antique Court
Jester. Walks to and fro impatiently.*

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Mom. By Jingo! if *Erynnis*—from the Hesperides,—
Steals me the Dragon's apple--we'll ha' merry days.
Augh!—ho!—oa!—(*yawning and stretching*)
Court's grown damn'd hum-drum:—*Jove*, poor
Noodle!

Does nought but muddle.
Juno too—turn'd so—mim, forsooth,
Butter will scarce melt in her mouth.
But th' Apple—yes—I'll throw—that squib
among 'em—
Shall stir the humours—as a wasp had stung 'em.

AIR V. Behind the Bush in the Garden.

*To set at odds
These hair-brain'd Gods,
The turn of a straw or a pin does;
I make them fret,
Take pet,
Curvet,
And sling Heaven out o' the windows.*

He

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 9

*He, she, foul, handsome, all,
On wires I dance 'em all,
Jove of my puppets but is chief;
Sky, earth, and ocean,
I put in commotion;
I doat on a snug bit o' mischief.*

SCENE shifts to Juno's Pavilion.

*A knocking; then Juno's bell rings vehemently. Enter
Iris running. Juno, Pallas, and Venus, enter
on the other side.*

RECITATIVE.

Juno. High time, Miss Lazyboots! where ha'
you been lolloping?

Iris. Sure, Mêm—at the first tinkle—I came
galloping.

Juno. Who rapp'd?

Iris. Beau Cupid, Mêm, ask'd for
Miss Pallas. [Exit.

Pal. For me? the Whelp!——I'd see him to
the gallows.

Ven. Gallows! Mâm. (*rising provok'd*)

Pal. Ay—'twill be his prank conclusive,
As he goes on.

Ven. (to Juno) Mâm—she's downright abusive.

C

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8 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

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C

AIR

40 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

A I R VIII. Giordani.

(To Pallas)

*But ah ! sweet Miss, your temper keep !
 Your peace my boy shall ne'er invade;
 Cupid shall not break your sleep,
 You shall still remain a maid.
 All Ever-green
 Be Pallas seen !
 Laurels her learned brows adorn !
 Baleful yew,
 Cypress too !
 Roses alone ne'er deck that thorn.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. I'd mince the blinkard—to a falmagondi.

[*Enter Iris in a fright to Juno, THE
 APPLE in her hand.*]

Iris. Oh ! Mêm !

Juno. Are you bewitch'd, Girl?—What has
 stunn'd ye?

Hast seen a Ghost——

Iris. Worse, Mêm—that hag—*Erynnis.*

Juno. Got in, d'ye say?—I wou'dn't for five
 guineas——

Iris. In troth, I think, that witch the Devil
 in is.

A I R

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 11

A I R IX. Sweet, if you love me, &c.

1. *Told by the Porter and the Page,*

Not at home——

You'd ha' thought she'd burst with rage.

'Skips, I must see the Queen, and will——

Dear Ma'm, says I—the Queen is ill,

Takes James's Powder, and Ward's Pill.

Not at home,

Echo'd they to all her askings.

2. *To this Pippin bid her smell,*

[Presents it to Juno.

Bid her smell,

I'll engage she'll soon be well.

I box'd the fox this morn, says she,

And from th' Hesperian Dragon's Tree

Hoik'd off with't to her Majesty:

So, bye! bye!

I must fly;

He's hard at my Galligaskins.

[Exit.

*[Juno and Pallas alternately admire the
Apple, Venus desiring to look at it.*

12 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

RECITATIVE.

Ven. With your leave, Mâ—

[*Receives and narrowly examines it.*]

Juno. (*to Pallas*) Suppose that three shares equal

We make—

Pal. Oh—that—*Erynnis* might—not take well.

Ven. (*having surveyed it*) Bless us!—’t has grown with an Inscription on it.

Pal. (*in gibe*) Have the snails trac’d a tag of some—*French* sonnet?

Ven. (*nettled*) Nah, Miss; plain *English*—
and to Me directed.

(*insulting*) A wind-fall, Ladies!—yet—one
can’t reject it.

So, poz—I will not have—my goods
trifected.

Juno. (*in surprize*) Yours!

Pal. (*with indignation*) Yours!

Ven. (*with provoking calmness*) Mine.

[*both take fire.*]

Pal. (*to Venus, blustering*) By what right?

Juno. (*to ditto, with insolence*) What title?
Fool-y’!

Ven. (*with scorn*) What—when ye hear—will
make you both look bluely.

[*Reads to them distinctly the Inscription,*
without RECITATIVE.]

TO THE FAIREST IN HEAVEN
BE THIS APPLE GIVEN.

REC I-

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 13

RECITATIVE.

Pal. (to *Juno*) Stånd clear, Måm—let me to
her—(to *Venus*) Shut your fly-trap,
Your title I'll soon quash else—with a tight rap.
Juno (interposing). I bar blows—yet that Fruit
I'll have,—depend on't;
'Tis mine, (to *Venus*) so, give it me—and there's
an end on't.

A I R X. Arne.

*Yield; or beware, lest rage, disdain,
Resentment fire my mind!
The claim my rank, my charms sustain,
Shall never be resign'd.*

RECITATIVE.

Pal. (to *Juno*) Yours, madam?—Sure—my
claim's the more undoubted;
So (to *Venus*) give it me—and say no more
about it.
Ven. (gently) Ladies, for Pow'r, Arms, Arts,
I don't dispute ye,
But—all the world (bridling) gives me the crack
for Beauty.
Juno. You Trapes!
Pal. You Demi-rep! you batter'd Dowdy,
Nam'd of a day with us—you're—
Juno. Oh! Nobody.

Ven.

14 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Ven. (*piqu'd*) Two to one's odds;—but, Ladies—since you crow so,
 Let *Jove* judge.
Juno. (*eagerly*) Done!
Pal. Done!
Ven. He's a Virtuoso
 In female matters.
Pal. (*to Juno*) Is he?
Juno. Troth—but so, so.

A I R XI. 'Twas you, Sir, &c.

Ven. My Title, my Title,
 Will need no long recital.
 Can you,
 Or you,
 Dispute the prize?
 If not—say who.
Pal. You Maukin, you Maukin!
 What signifies your talking?
 Don't name
 That claim,
 If you be wise,
 Before us two.
Juno. Gads me! Gads me!
 Such rank conceit! It mads me,
 So pert
 A Fürt
 Shou'd brave the skies!
 What's here to do?

Ven. My Title,
Pal. You Maukin!
Juno. Gads me!

} &c.

S C E N E

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 15

SCENE *changes to Jupiter's Hall of Audience.*

Enter Momus laughing.

Mom. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!
Three cats—I left 'em at it,—spitting,—scratch-
ing.

(Sceing Jupiter) Gadso!

Now, what can that wise Nob be hatching?
(stands aside to observe.)

Jupiter comes forward.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Jup. How shall I get this tangled hank unravell'd?

Put to my trumps, and gravell'd!
'Twou'd dumb-found Wizard Merlin, or Friar
Bacon;
Ay, all the Square-caps from Oxford to
Pekin.

No making head or tail on't—which way foe'er
I turn it——

If I know how to act—I'm a fous'd gurnet.

A I R XII. Fischietti.

As Judge, Spouse, Progenitor,

What part shall I take?

My character, as senator,

My name lies at stake.

Says Justice—What d'ye lag on?

For shame!—content the Dragon.

Then whispers Court Favor,

To bilk him will be braver.

What

16 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

*What part shall I take?
My choice is keep swinging,
Like Bow-bell a-ringing,
Let go—then pull'd back.
Why, let them buff,
And jour and chide!
I'll save my buff,
Whate'er betide.
To shun domestic jangle,
This paltry Pippin-Brangle,
'Fore George! I'll not decide.*

[Towards the close of the air, *Momus* advances to him.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mom. That's fix'd then.

Jup. Yes, yes—I've wound up my bottom.

Mom. Roundly; like a true Solomon—(*aside*) of Gotham.

Jup. But how to still their clamours—there's the matter.

Mom. Depute some Mortal for their Arbitrator;
'Twill pull 'em down a peg.

Jup. (*rubbing his hands, delighted.*) 'Twill,
'twill—the fluts!
I'll do't—to fiddle-strings 'twill fret their guts.

Mom. Oh! they'll cajole you with their Ifs
and Buts.

Didn't they coax you in your beer to impris'n
The Dragon, but for claiming what was his'n?

A I R.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 17.

A I R XIII. Cotillon.

*When you're bosky, half-seas over,
 Doxies wind you as they please;
 Thro' their eyes you then discover,
 That the Moon's a huge Green-cheese:
 They have their wits,
 Mind their own hits;
 Nick the fit
 To wheedle a bit,
 With a tip
 Of the lip,
 And a roguish squeeze.
 Jovy, my soul!——
 What does it say?——
 Fire the North Pole!
 Jove's your Valet.——
 When you're bosky, &c.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

[Mercury enters hastily, and twitches Jupiter's sleeve.

Merc. Most Doughty—please edge this way.

Jup. Eh! what mutter y'?

Merc. The Goddesses—at loggerheads—i'th' Buttery.

Jup. Fight dog, fight bear—I?—Blood!
 I've other bus'ness:

Must *Jove* sit Judge—on Dimples—Snouts—
 and Pignies?

Bid 'em scrub up as clean as hands can make 'em.

Mom. Shou'd they run rust——

Jup. By *Jericho*!—I'd flake 'em—

D

(10

18 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

(to Mercury) Conduct them, you, to *Ida*——

There young *Paris*
Shall view, and there give Judgment, which
most Fair is.

[*Jupiter and Momus confer together.*]

Merc.

What!—*Paris* of *Troy*,

That Hobble-de-hoy?

He Lord Chief Justice constituted?

If h' as guts in his brains, or in's skull eyes,

Sure, sure, this Heav'n-embroiling Prize

Cannot be long disputed.

A I R XIV. Fisher.

Pallas and Juno,

All who see true know,

Never, no, never can bear the bell.

No, chuck the Gold Pippin

Fair Venus's lip in,

For Venus herself is a Nonpareil. [Exit.

[*Jupiter and Momus come forward, as continuing their conversation.*]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mom. What comes o' you?

Jup. Oh! I—after the Inspection——

May call—to hear—which carry'd the Election.

Mom. Mum!—yonder's *Juno*—(going)

Jup. Aye,—my Message—inubs. }

Mom. Now—keep it up—be sure—a few
dry rubs }

Will give her Majesty—the Mulligrubs.

A I R

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 19

A I R XV. Cotillon Tune.

*Since 'tis writ in the volume of fate,
That to surrender
To the Male Gender,
Females must lay their account soon or late;
She must submit has a God to her mate.
Bounce, bounce; Juno may flounce;
Storm, and thunder;
She'll knock under:
Rave, rave; Jupiter, rave,
Master you'll be—and your wife be a slave.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Jup. (as Juno advances) How now, Dame
Partlet?—*

*Enter Juno, stalking haughtily up to him; her
arms a-kimbo.*

(aside) Now—she opes her Budget.

*Juno. So, Sir! Our cause—you scorn, it
seems,—to judge it.*

*Jup. I wash my hands o't:—woundy ticklish
Matters*

*These!—How decree—'twixt my own Wife and
Daughters?*

Juno. (resentfully) Then, Sir, who shall?

*Jup. (having ponder'd) Why—Paris,—Son of
Priam,—*

Ganimede's Coz—a better Judge than I am.

*Juno. (with spleen) Finely fobb'd off! Had it
been Madam Semele—*

*Jup. (imperiously) Juno,—go, scold your
Maids;—do—mind your family.*

20 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Juno. No; with all Heaven for my due I'd
grapple:
Were there an Orchard, mine were every apple.

A I R XVI. Arne.

Juno. (*affronted.*)
With your Wife, Sir, ne'er dispute,
Lady of the Manor she;
Due to her the choicest fruit,
Due to her the branch and tree;
And you know she'll have her right;
Yes, Sir, Morning, Noon, and Night.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. Right?—Stuff!—between us,
None has a legal right to it, but *Venus*.
Juno. (*much piqu'd*) Fool that I was, my
Husband to refer to!
Venus?—a sneaking kindness—Goat!—for Her
too?—
Jup. (*indignant*) My Daughter?
Juno. (*with rancour*) Wer't your Mother?
Jup. (*ironically*) Why, my Pet Lamb
Ought not go loose—It should be lodg'd in
Bedlam.
These Maggots, Child——
Juno. (*outrageous*) By each new Trull sup-
planted?
Jup. (*provok'd*) I'll be divorc'd——
Juno. (*obstinately*) The very Thing I wanted,

A I R

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 21

A I R XVII. Duo Finale. Monsignier.

Juno. Go!
 But know,
 I'll not be treated so
 By you, case-harden'd bully!
 Jup. *Let nat your fury gull y';*
 I'm no tame, hen-peckt Cully.
 Juno. *Ungrateful!*
 To sacrifice me thus!
 Jup. *More hateful*
 Your jealousy and fufs.
 Juno. } *Your Sister?*
 Jup. } *Wou'd, I ad mist her!*
 Juno. } *And your Spouse too?*
 Jup. } (aside) *A sweet Blowze, too!*
 Juno. *The Chum you pawn'd your Nuptial*
 Vows to?
 Jup. *Trust my House to,*
 And my Brows too!
 Juno. *A Blister*
 On your Tongue for't.
 Jup. *I'm well stung for't,*
 Sorely wrung for't.
 Juno. *You broke all vows—you hot Bell-*
 swagger!
 Jup. (aside) *That's a Dagger,*
 Sha'n't I gag her?
 Juno. } *To see that Num-skull*
 Jup. } (to her) *These Wipes—*
 Juno. } *At the Swan, at the Bull!*
 Jup. } *Bring stripes:*

Juno.

22 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Juno. ? *How Mortals must laugh—*
 Jup. } *Your sides, my Love, itch—*
 Juno. ? *At the Goose, at the Calf.*
 Jup. } *For a taste of the switch.*
 Juno. } *Your } Wife { a cast-off } stale.*
 Jup. } *Wife } Wife { those taunts are }*
 Juno. ? *Yet you { can't say black's her } nail.*
 Jup. } *{ urge them tooth and }*
 Juno. } *I'll { not sit down mum } chance.*
 Jup. } *{ rove, and take my }*
 Juno. } *You shall } see the Devil dance.*
 Jup. } *Tho' I }*
 Juno. *More Sacks on the Mill!—No, no ;*
 'Tis a bitter Pill—it kicks.—
 Jup. *Jack must have his Fill—I trow ;*
 And, as Jove, I will—ba' fix.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E, M O U N T I D A.

Paris enters, admiring his Finery.

Par. *C'EST* quelque chose cela——no more a
Rustick scrubbish,
Paris at Court has dusted off his Rubbish.

A I R I. Arne.

*But now let me flaunt it,
Rant, flirt it, and jaunt it,
Gallant it, and dress it away;
At Op'ra and Ball,
Play, Concert, and all,
I warrant I carry the day.*

*I'll make the Folks stare
By clubbing my Hair;
I'll ogle, I'll prattle,
The Dice-box I'll rattle,
Lose thousands, and call it mere sport;
While Men all admire me,
All Ladies desire me,
Sweet Paris, the pink of the Court!*

[*Paris turns, and spies Mercury advancing.*
What chap comes here? trick'd out so nicely?

Enter

24 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Enter to him Mercury.

(He stands bowing at a distance)

Dem' mauvaise bonte—So thus—concisely.

A I R II. D U E T. Francesco.

Par. Mon Enfant—ecoutez.

Merc. *Royal Swain, what d'ye say ?*

Par. *If I may conjecture,
By garb, gait, and aspect, you're
François.*

Merc. *Nay, nay.*

Par. *Au Moins—You've made the Tour.*

Merc. *No sure.*

Your Highness means to flatter.

Par. *Pardonnez-moi—This Hat here
Paris Cock—*

Merc. *No such matter.*

Par. *Those Pumps too—diantre !—curious.—*

Merc. *Jove's Son, Sir—(bowing)*

Par. *Vous ?*

Merc. *Yes ; spurious.*

Controller of his pages,

And bear his Love-Messages.

Par. *Quoi ? Merky ?—ah ! le drole !*

Merc. *The same—upon my soul,*

At your command.

Par. *I kiss your Hand.*

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. But whence—and whither now ?

Merc. My Errant

At present is——

Par. (*taking snuff*) To me—I warrant.

Merc. E'en so.

Par. (*with extravagant airs of vanity*)

With my poor person smitten ?

Merc. (*shaking his head*) No, Sir,—a matter—
you'd scarce hit on.

This apple—(*produces the Golden Apple*)

Par. (*much mortified*) Aye ?

Merc. (Tho' no nice Fruit 'tis)

Has set by the ears three tip-top Beauties.

Th' Inscription—there's the bone——

Par. (*reads it*) TO THE FAIREST !

Merc. 'Till that point's settled—Heav'n can
ne'er rest.——

Juno, Miss *Pallas*, *Venus*—stiffly

Lay claim to't——

Par. Well—*mon cher* ?

Merc. Why, briefly—

You're nam'd their Judge——

Par. (*eying it contemptuously*)

A precious bauble

To set three Goddeffes—at squabble !

A I R III. Bryan.

Merc. *A Goddeffs, like an earthly Dame,
In trifles will precedence claim ;
Denied, foul language will bestow,
And turn from dearest Friend to Foe.*

E

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. But why to me this Beauty-reference?

Merc. Jove they'd think partial,—interested,
Therefore in you his pow'r is vested.

Par. What Jeopardy?—My case quite
desperate!

Can please but one,—two must exasperate?

Merc. Do as you like—but—leave off prat-
ing,

You keep their Goddessships a-waiting. [*Exit.*]

(*Paris alone, after meditation.*)

Good Jove, direct me!

Since in this task

I'm but your mask,

I hope, Sir, you'll protect me.

*Re-enter Mercury, leading Juno, whom he an-
nounces most ceremoniously. She advances with
over-strained haughtiness.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Merc. Queen Juno, Sir, (*bows*) Jove's Con-
fort—

Juno. (*imperiously*) Less Palaver.

We've other fish to fry—(*beckons Mercury away;
he sneaks off.*)

Par. (*tripping familiarly to kiss her*) Ma'am,—
by your favour—

(*She draws back with indignation.*)

Juno.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 27

Juno. Meat for your lord!—I thought you better knew me.

Par. (*aside*) *La fiere!*—a three-pil'd Prude, consume me!

Juno.—(*haughtily*)

Lad, don't you feel yourself, at times, ambitious
Of Pow'r—and Wealth?

Par. *Ma foi!* they're both delicious.

Juno. Both you may have——

Par. *Comment?*

Juno. For me pass Sentence,
And you will bless your Stars for our Acquaintance.

(*aside*) Now *un grand Coup*—You're warm—
and I in Spirits——

(*to her*) 'Gad, Ma'am, let's use your Husband
as he merits.

A I R IV. Down Derry Derry.

(To her with petulant Familiarity.)

Sweet Revenge there is a Clue to,

Wou'd you take a Fool's advice,——

Me voici tout pret—Cornuto

We may dub him in a trice.

Dans le Bon ton—Down derry derry.

Dans le Bon ton,

Sur le Gazon.

(*Juno in furious indignation turns fiercely upon him.*)

28 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. Indeed!—'Squire *Hotspur*!—two words
to that Bargain.

Par. (*with cutting indifference*)
N'importe—There needs no further arguing.
[Turns away.]

Juno. (*apart*) To be sent haggling here with
such a Puppy!
Well, Jove, remember this, if I ben't up wi' ye.

A I R V.

*Tender passion, gentle love,
Cooing, murm'ring, like the Dove;
Shall desert my troubled Breast
If not the fairest I'm confest.* [Exit.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

(*Paris alone.*)

Sans ceremonie, I dismiss her,
Hey, Mercury!

Enter Mercury.

Fetch in *Pallas*——

Merc. (*bowing*) Yes, Sir——

*Mercury re-enters, introducing Pallas. He bows
and retires. She stands sullen; Paris hops
pertly up to kiss her.*

Par. Servant, my dear!——

(*She repulses him with a violent push.*)

Pal. Since when, Spruce Master

Jemmy?

Par. (*aside, his hands on his breast as in pain*)
That *Peg* she had from *Broughton*—demme!

Well,

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 29

Well, *Joan of Arc!*—my frumpish Missy!
You might as well ha' let me kiss ye.

Pal. Paris, no Airs—That Pippin, without
musing,
Adjudge to me——

Par. (ironically) Bon!——for your skill in
bruising?

Pal. I'll make your fortune:—Call me else,
Canary.

Par. My Fortune, Miss!—

Pal. Ay, in the Milita—ry.

A I R VI.

To Arms, Paris, to Arms!

Hark! the shrill Trumpets sound,

And the dread cannon roars.

Hark! hark! the loud alarms,

From bill to bill rebound,

And shake the neighb'ring shores.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. (having stared at her with surprize)
Zauns, Miss—What see you in my figure,
As if I lov'd to draw a Trigger?
Now, Merc'ry!—let the Cyprian Belle come.

[Enter Mercury; bands out Pallas, and introduces Venus; then bows, and exit. She advances, smirking. Paris, tho' struck with her beauty, trips to salute her, with his usual pertness.]

Ay,

30 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Ay, this! (*to her*) *Permettez moi!* (*kisses her*)

Ven. (*frankly*) And welcome.

(*leering, and chucking him under the chin*)

My *Paris!* can you love?

Par. (*aside*) No foolish item.

Yes, Ma'am—kind souls!—I never slight 'em.

Ven. Well, there's a Judge—one Menelaus—
in Sparta;

(A Judge's crest is—Horns—by Magna Charta)

That Judge, he hath a wife—that Wife hight

Nelly,

But such a Nell!—at ev'ry glance

The cockles of your heart would dance,

Warm'd as if by Vermicelli.

A I R VII.

Helen if you can trepan,

Thou of heroes shalt lead the van!

Never dally,

Skilli-shally;

Faint heart ne'er fair lady won.

Be bold, and play the Man!

That's the plan.

That shape, that jim rigging

Was form'd for intriguing;

And in foreign parts

You'll reign King of Hearts.

Oh, such bliss! you've no idea;

She's a peerless Dulcinea!

Wit delighting,

Charms inviting,

Youth inciting,

Helen, Helen to trepan.

R E C I-

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 31

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. Agreed—*toucher*!—Now for a Barrel
Of Golden Pippins—we shall never quarrel.
I'll call the Ladies in that went hence.

*(Takes the Apple in his hand, crosses the Stage,
and calls aloud)*

Mercury!—I'm going to pass Sentence.

*Enter on one Side Mercury, ushering in Juno and
Pallas; on the other, Venus alone.*

A I R VIII. Venetian Ballad.

Par. (Bowling to *Juno* and *Pallas*.)

*Mesdames,——to speech you
But more might disoblige you;
I therefore beseech you,
Let this Action teach you
My upright Award,
By Equity squar'd,
Not Bribe or Pelf;——
The Pippin, on strict scrutiny,
Rests here*,—tho' Losers mutiny.
Fair ye to the bone are;—
But this Belle debonaire
Is Fairness' Self.*

* Placing it as a Bouquet in *Venus's* Bosom.

[Juno

32 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

[Juno and Pallas walk to and fro, stomachful;
Venus and Paris bowing and curtsying. Mercury
stands tilting.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. (turning upon Paris, enrag'd)
Buzzard!—in real Beauty, Ignoramus!

Pal. (pointing to Venus)
That lewd Trull's person was his Fee to bam us.

Juno (menacing). For this,—an old house o'er
your Sconce I'll tumble.

Pal. Poltroon! Since War you dread, its
Din shall rumble

In both your Ears——

Merc. Ladies!—You're not to
grumble——

*A furious Symphony; then enter hastily Jupiter,
outrageously angry, the thunder-bolt in his hand.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. (to Juno and Pallas)
Ye spiteful jades!—threat not my Puny Judge,
else

For him I will, myself, take up the Cudgels—
The proudest She that with him dares to meddle,
I'll make dance *Barnaby*—without a Fiddle!

A I R

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 33

A I R IX. AND LAST.

S E S T E T T O. Vivaldi.

JUPITER, JUNO, PALLAS, VENUS, PARIS,
DRAGON.

Jup. *This be the period*
Of jars—Shake fists and buffs.
Juno. } *Yet, Sir, 'tis very odd,*
Pal. } *You'll side with her 'gainst us.*
to each other. } *Had you been adjudg'd it,*
Jup. (to Juno.) *I ne'er shou'd ha' grudg'd it.*

You Puss,
Why grudge Venus?

Ven. *Why to me this mortal hatred?*

Par. *Why to me this spleen inveterate?*

Jup. { *Why to her* } *this mortal hatred?*

Dra. { } *such spleen inveterate?*

Ven. *Beauty's my sole Gift of Nature.*

Par. *Justice mine.*

Juno. } (to Paris) *Yours? Venal traitor!*

Pal. } (to Venus) *Conceited creature!*

Dra. } (to Paris and Venus) *Thank her, she cou'd*
give no greater.

Juno (aside to Pallas) *I have no patience with such*
flirts.

Pal. (aside to Juno) *Ne'er heed. We'll stick in*
both their skirts.

Jup. } *Blood! don't again my passion*
rouze.

Dra. } (to both) { *He's your Papa, Miss, and your*
Spouse.

F

Jup.

34 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Jup. (to ditto) *If you will not be cool,
I have for Scolds a School,*

Juno. } *You see, Sir, we are cool.*
Pal. }

Jup. *That's call'd the Ducking-stool.*
Juno. } *We shall* } *not need that School.*
Pal. }
Dra. } *They will*
Par. } *You see, Sir, they are cool,*

Juno. } *Shake hands—We're Friends—No spite.*
Pal. }
Ven. }

Par. } *Be Friends—That's right.*
Jup. }
Dra. }

Jup. } *For this good hap
We'll all get sap,
And drain the tap.*
Dra. }
Ven. } *In peace let's live,
Par. } Forget, forgive.*

Juno. } (aside to each other) *We'll make believe.*
Pal. }

Jup. } *This day shall* }
Juno. } *be High Jubilee.*
Pal. }
Ven. } *Let this day* }
Par. }
Dra. } (to the Audience—*Applaud, Applaud,
Jove's gracious Nod.*

4 AP 54

T H E E N D.

